141

A

SATYR

AGAINST

HYPOCRITES.

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.
Juvenal. Satyr. 1.

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By John Phillips

142

A

SATYR

AGAINST

HYPOCRITES.

TEdious have been our Faſts, and long our Pray'rs;
To keep the Sabbath ſuch have been our cares,
That *Ciſly* durſt not Milk the gentle *Mulls*,
To the great damage of my Lord Mayor's Fools;
Which made the greazy Catch-poles ſweat and curſe
The Holy-day, for want o'th ſecond courſe;
And men have loſt their body's new adorning,
Becauſe their cloaths could not come home that morning.
The ſins of Parl'ment have long been bawl'd at,
The vices of the City have long been yawl'd at,
Yet no amendment; certainly, thought I,
This is a Paradox beyond all cry.
Why if you ask the people, very proudly
They anſwer ſtraight, that they are very godly.
Nor could we lawfully ſuſpect the Prieſt,
Alas, for he cry'd out, *I bring ye Chriſt:*
A trul' he ſpoke with ſo much confidence,
That at that time it ſeem'd a good pretence.
Then where's the fault? thought I, well, I muſt know,
So putting on clean cuffs, to Church I go.
Now 'gan the Bells to jangle in the Steeple,
And in a row to Church went all the People.
Firſt came poor Matrons ſtuck with Lice like Cloves,
Devoutly come to worſhip th eir white loaves;

And may be ſmelt above a *German* mile,
Well, let them go to fume the middle-Ile.
But here's the ſight that doth men good to ſee't,
Grave Burgers and their Wives, with Poſies ſweet,
Like walking-Gardens. There's old *Robin* too,
Who although write or read he neither do,
Yet hath his Teſtament Chain'd to his waſte,
And his blind zeal feels out the Proofs as faſt,
And makes as greaſie dogs-ears as the beſt.
A new ſhav'd Cobler follows him as t' hapt,
With his young *Cake-bread* in his Cloke cloſe wrapt;
Then panting comes his wife from t'other end
O'th Town, to hear Our Father, and ſee a Friend;
Then came the Shops young Fore-man, 'tis preſum'd,
With hair Roſe-water'd, and his Gloves perfum'd,
With his blew ſhoo-ſtrings too; and beſides that,
A Ribond with a ſentence in his Hat.
The Virgins too, the fair one, and the Gypſie,
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt ſpectentur ut ipſæ.
And now the ſilken Dames throng in good ſtore,
And caſting up their Noſes to th' Pew door,
Look with diſdain to ſee the Pew ſo full,
Yet muſt and will have room, I, that they wull;
Straight that ſhe ſits not uppermoſt diſtaſt
One takes; 'tis fine that I muſt be diſplac'd
By you, ſhe cries then, Good *Miſtris Gill-flurt*;
Gill-flurt, enrag'd cries t'other, Why ye dirt-
-ty piece of Impudence, ye ill-bred Thief,
I ſcorn your terms good Miſtris Thimble-man's wife.
Marry come up, cries t'other, pray forbear,
Surely your Husband's but a Scavenger;
Cries t' other then, and what are you I pray?
No Alderman's wife, for all you are ſo gay.
Is it not you that to all Chriſtnings friſk it,
And to ſave Bread moſt ſhamefully ſteal the Bisket?
At which the other mad beyond all law,
Unſheaths her Talons, and prepares to claw.
And ſure ſome Gorgets had been torn that day,

But

But that the Reader's voice did part the fray.

Now what a Wardrobe could I put to view,
The Cloak-bag-breeches, and the Sleek-ſtone ſhoo,
Th' *Embroider'd Girdle*, and your *Uſur'rs Cloaks*,
Of far more various forms than there be Oaks
In *Sherwood*, or Religions in this Town:
Strong then of Cypreſs cheſt appears the Gown,
The *Grogram gown* of ſuch antiquity,
That *Speed* could never find its pedigree;
Fit to be doted on by *Antiquaries*,
Who hence may deſcant in their old *Gloſſaries*,
What kind of Fardingale fair *Helen* wore,
How wings in faſhion came, becauſe wings bore
The Swan-transformed *Leda* to *Jove's* lap,
Our Matrons hoping thence the ſame good hap;
The Pent-houſe Beaver, and Calves-Chauldron Ruff;
But of theſe frantick Faſhions now enough,
For at this time there ſhall no more be ſaid,
Leſt this my Ware-houſe ſpoil the *French*-mens trade.
And now as if I were that woollen-ſpinſter,
That doth ſo gravely ſhew you *Sarum* Minſter,
I'le lead you round the Church from Pew to Pew,
And ſhew you what doth moſt deſerve your view.
There ſtood the Font, in times of Chriſtianity,
But now 'tis taken down, men call it Vanity;
There the Church-wardens ſit, hard by the door,
But know yee why they ſit among the Poor?
Becauſe they love um well, for love o'th Box,
Their money buys good Beef, good Wine, good Smocks.
There ſits the Clerk, and there the Reverend Reader,
And there's the Pulpit for the good *Flock-feeder*,
Who in three lamentable doleful ditties
Unto their Marriage-fees ſings *Nunc dimittis*.
Here ſits a learned Juſtice, truly ſo
Some people ſay, and ſome again ſay no;
And yet me thinks in this he ſeemeth wiſe
To make *Stypone* yield him him an exciſe,

And though on Sundays, Ale-houſes muſt down,
Yet wiſely all the week lets them alone;
For well his Worſhip knows that Ale-houſe ſins
Maintain himſelf in Gloves, his Wife in Pins.
There ſits the Mayor as fat as any Bacon
With eating Cuſtard, Beef, and Rumps of Capon:
And there his corpulent Brethren ſit by
With faces repreſenting Gravity;
Who having money, though they have no wit,
They wear Gold-chains, and here in green Pews ſit.
There ſit True-blew the honeſt Pariſh-maſters,
With Satin Caps, and Ruffs, and Demi-caſters,
And faith that's all; for they have no rich fancies,
No Poets are, nor Authors of Romances.
There ſits a Lady, painted fine by Art,
And there ſits curious Miſtris Fiddle-come-fart:
There ſits a Chamber-maid upon a Haſſock,
Whom Chaplain oft inſtructs without a Caſſock:
One more accuſtom'd unto Curtain-ſins,
Than Woman is to wet her Thumb, that ſpins.
O what a Gloſs her Forehead ſmooth adorns!
Excelling *Phebe* with her Silver-horns.
It tempts a man at firſt, yet ſtrange to utter,
When one comes near, fogh guds! it ſtinks of Butter.
Another tripping comes to her Miſtriſs Pew,
Where being arriv'd, ſhe tryes if ſhe can view
Her young man's face, and ſtraight heaves up her coats,
That her Sweet-heart may ſee her true-love knots.
But having ſate up late the night before
To let the young man in at the back-door;
She feeling drowzineſs upon her creeping,
Turns down one Proof, and then ſhe falls a ſleeping.
Then falls her head one way, her Book another,
And ſhe ſleeps, and ſnores, a little a t'one wi' t'other.

That's call'd the Gallery; which (as you may ſee)
Was trimm'd and guilt in the year fifty-three.

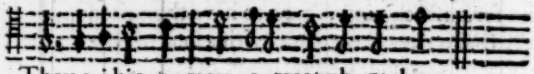
'Twas

'Twas a zealous work, and done by two Church-wardens,
Who for miſreck'ning, hope to have their pardons.
There *Will* writes Short-hand with a Pen of Braſs,
Oh how he's wonder'd at by many an aſs! *Hang it.*
That ſee him ſhake ſo faſt his warty fiſt,
As if he'd write the Sermon 'fore the Prieſt
Has ſpoke it: Then, O that I could (ſays one)
Do as but this man does, I'de give a crown.
Up goes another hand, up goes his eyes,
And he, *Gifts*, *Induſtry*, and *Talents* cries.

Thus are they plac'd at length: a tedious work!
And now a bellowing noiſe went round the Kirk,
From the low Font up to the Golden Creed,
(O happy they who now no Ears do need:)
While theſe cough up their morning flegm, and thoſe
Do trumpet forth the Snivel of their Noſe;
Straight then the Clerk began with potſheard voice
To grope a Tune, ſinging with woful noiſe,
Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple,
Tom Sternhold's wretched prick-ſong to the people;
Who ſoon as he hath plac'd the firſt line through,
Up ſteps *Chuck-farthing* then, and he reads too:
This is the Womans boy that ſits i'th Porch
Till th' Sexton comes, and brings her Stool to Church.
Then out the people yawl an hundred parts,
Some roar, ſome whine, ſome creek like wheels of Carts,
Such Notes the *Gamut* never yet did know,
Nor num'rous keys of Harpſicals in a row
Their heights and depths could ever comprehend.
Now below double *A re* ſome deſcend,
'Bove *E la* ſqueaking now ten Notes ſome fly:
Straight then as if they knew they were too high,
With headlong haſt down ſtairs again they tumble;
Diſcords and Concords, O how thick they jumble!
Like untam'd horſes tearing with their throats
One wretched ſtave into an hundred Notes.

Some

Some lazy throated fellows thus did baule,

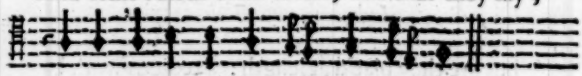


Robert Wisdom's Delight.

They a i hin a moy a meat uh ga have

a me uh a ha gall a

And some outrun their words, and thus they say,



Too cruel for to think ah hum ah haw.

Now what a Whetstone was it to devotion,
To see the pace, the looks, and every motion
O'th Sunday-Levite when up stairs he marcht?
And first behold his little Band stiff starcht,
Two Caps he had, and turns up that within,
You'd think he wore a black Pot tipt with Tin;
His Cuffs asham'd peept only out at's wrist,
For they saw whiter Gloves upon his Fist;
Out comes his Kerchief then, which he unfolds
As gravely as his Text, and fast he holds
In's wrath-denouncing hand; then mark when he pray'd
How he rear'd his reverent Whites, and softly said
A long *most Murciful*, or *O Almighty*,
Then out he whines the rest like some sad ditty,
In a most doleful *recitative style*,
His Buttocks keeping Crotchet time the while:
And as he slubbers o're his tedious story,
Makes it his chiefest aim, his chiefest glory,
T' excell the City-dames in speaking fine.
O for the dropping of a fat Sir-loyn,
Instead of *Aaron*'s oyntment for his face,
When he cries out for *greace* instead of *grace*.
Up stept another then, how sow'r his face is!
How grim he look't! for he was one o'th *Classis*,

And

And he cries, *Blood, blood, blood, deſtroy, O Lord,*
The Covenant-Breaker with a two edg'd Sword.
Now comes another, of another ſtrain,
And he of Law and Bondage doth complain:
Then ſhewing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
Aloud, *Free grace, free grace, free grace* he cry'd.
Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
Devoutly on his Patron's Gallery,
Who as duty binds him, 'cauſe he eats their pyes,
God bleſs my good Lord, and my Lady, cryes,
And's hopeful Iſſue. Then with count'nance ſad,
Up ſteps a man ſtark Revelation mad,
And he, *Cauſe us thy Saints for thy dear ſake,*
That we a buſtle in the world may make;
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
He tears his throat for the *fift Monarchy.*
Another mounts his chin Eaſt, Weſt, North, South,
Gaping to catch a bleſſing in his mouth,
And ſaying, *Lord! we dare not ope our eyes*
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lyes.
Mean while the vulgar Frie ſit ſtill, admiring
Their pious ſentences, as all inſpiring,
At every period they ſigh and grone,
Though he ſpeak little ſenſe, or ſometimes none:
Their zeal doth never let them mind that matter,
It is enough to hear the Magpy chatter;
They croud, they thruſt, are crouded, and are thruſted,
Their Pews ſeem Paſties, wherein they incruſted
Together bake and fry; O Patience great!
Yet they endure, though almoſt drown'd in ſweat.
It ſeem'd as if thoſe ſteaming vapours were
To ſtew hard doctrines in, and to prepare
Their rugged doubts, that might breed ſome diſeaſe,
Being taken raw in queaſie conſciences.
But further mark their great humility,
Their tender love, and mutual charity:
The ſhort man's ſhoulder bore the tall man's elbow,
Nor he ſo much as call'd him ſcurvy fellow,

Practice of piety.

Wrath was forgot, all anger was forborn,
Although his Neighbour trod upon his corn:
And in a word, all men were meek and humble,
Nor dar'd the Sexton, though unfeed, to grumble;
He honeſt man went with his neck a skew,
Gingling his bunch of Keys from Pew to Pew.
Good man to's Market day he bore no ſpleen,
But wiſh'd the ſeven days had Sabbaths been;
How he worſhips Sattin, with what a Goſpel-fear
He admires the man that doth a Beaver wear!
Room, room, bear leave, he cries, then not unwilling
With a *Pater noſter* face, receives the ſhilling.
But what was more religious than to ſee
The women in their ſtrains of piety,
Who like the Seraphins in various hews,
Adorn'd the Chancel, and the higheſt Pews.
Stand up good middle-Iſle-folks, and give room,
See where the Mothers and the Daughters come!
Hey day! Behind the Servants, looking all like Martyrs,
With Bibles in Pluſh-Jerkins and blew-Garters;
The Silver-Inkhorn, and the writing-book,
In which I wiſh no friend of mine to look:
For with far leſſer danger you may read
Trithemius Charms, or view the *Gorgon*'s head.
Nor muſt we now forget the Children too,
Who with their fore-tops gay ſtand up i'th' Pew.
Brought there to play at Church, and to be chid,
And for diſcourſe at Meals what children did.
Well, be good children, for the time ſhall come,
When on the Pulpit-ſtairs ye ſhall have room,
There to be asked many a Queſtion deep,
By th' Parſon, with his dinner half a ſleep.
But now aloft the Preacher 'gan to thunder,
When the poor women they ſit trembling under;
Jack a-dandy. And if he nam'd *Gehenna*, or the Dragon,
Their faith, alas! was little then to brag on;
Or if he did relate, how little wit
The fooliſh Virgins had, then they do ſit
Weeping with watery eyes, and making vows; One

One to have Preachers always in her houſe,
To dine them well, and breakfaſt'um with gellies,
And caudles hot, to warm their wambling bellies;
And if the Caſh, where ſhe could not unlock it,
Were cloſe ſecur'd, to pick her Husbands Pocket.
Another, ſomething a more thrifty ſinner,
To invite the Parſon twice a week to dinner:
The other vows a Purple Pulpit-cloth
With an embroider'd Cuſhion, being loth
When the fierce Prieſt his Doctrine hard unbuckles,
That in the paſſion he ſhould hurt his knuckles.
Nay, in the Church-yard too was no ſmall throng,
And on the Window-bars in ſwarms they hung:
And I could ſee that many ſhort-hand wrote,
Where liſtning well I could not hear a jote;
Friend, this is ſtrange, quoth I, but he reply'd,
Alas! your ears are yet unſanctifi'd.
Cuds ſo, I had even almoſt now forgot
To tell you th' chiefeſt thing of all: what's that?
How the good women in a row do come,
To bring the *New-born Babe* to *Chriſtendom.*
The Midwife, Captain of the Gang, walks firſt,
Laden with *Child*, and *Naples Biſket Cruſt*;
Moſt reverently ſhe ſteps, dreſt all in print,
If ſhe be not a Saint, the Devil's in't:
For ſo demure ſhe looks, that you would gueſs
She were ſome holy penitent Votareſs,
With eyes and mouth ſet in her Looking-glaſs,
On purpoſe for to carry *Babe of Grace.*
Nor is't a thing inſpir'd, but got by Art,
And Practice, as the *Begger* learnt to *fart.*
Then follow th' Gueſts, each one in her degree,
Moſt punctual in their *Pariſh Heraldry.*
Being come to Church, they keep their cloſe order,
And go on, and go on, and go farther and farther,
'Till they arrive where, for the Prieſt's eaſe God wot,
Stands a pretty little Stone-Syllabub-pot?
Water 't had in't, though but a little, God knows,

Scarcely to wet the tip of the Child's noſe:
Men ſay there was a ſecret wiſdom then,
That rul'd the ſtrange opinion of theſe men;
For by much waſhing, Child got cold in head,
Which was the cauſe ſo many Saints ſnuf-fled.
Oh cry'd another Sect, let's waſh all o're,
The parts behind, and eke the parts before;
So ſhall we thoſe vile members purifie,
Whence ſprang the cauſe of all our miſery.
But their wiſe wives reply'd, fuming and fretting,
'Twas dangerous, leſt the parts ſhould ſhrink i'th wetting;
And for that cauſe they only did beſprinkle
The pretty Birdſney-Pigſney-Periwinkle.
Now when the Prieſt had ſpoke, and made an end,
And that the Child was made the Churches friend,
The women ſtraightway they went home agen,
To talk of things which they conceal of men.
Then Midwife carries Child t'ask Mother bleſſing,
Who gives it a kiſs in her Flanders-lace dreſſing;
She ſate with Curtains drawn, moſt *princum-prancum*,
And call'd the women every one to thank 'um:
Full threeſcore pound it coſt in Plumbs and Diſhes,
Which women eat, as Pikes eat little Fiſhes;
But when the Claret and Hypocriſs came in,
Then the tittle tattle began to begin.
The Midwife takes a Tankard, and drinks up all;
Of all the Saints, quoth ſhe, God bleſs St. *Paul*,
He bid the men give the women their due;
If they don't, may the women n'ere prove true:
Well fare my Son here, he is a young man,
But let any other do better if he can;
Five in ſix years! —— hey ho, —— here daughter,
Here's to the next ———— and what ſhall come after.
But what ailes my Neighbour here to look ſo grum?
A year and a half, and nothing yet come! ——
Alas, I loſt time, quoth ſhe, with a Logger-head,
That was ſix months learning what to do a bed;
But I ha' taught him a new leſſon I faith; quo I, fye upon't;

Such

Such a fool at these years, —— but learn more wit, —— if ye
Alas, cryes one, you are happy to me, (dont——
Weeping and drinking most heartily,
My Husband whores, and drinks all the week;
Judge you then Neighbours how I am to seek:
(Then all they shook their heads, and look'd most sad,)
These are they, quoth the Midwife, spoyl our Trade:
But be of good cheer, Daughter, come come,
If he wont, another must in his room.
Alas, quoth she, with a jolly red Nose,
There's many an able Christian, God knows,
Would leap at that which thy Husband despises.
Then 'gin they to talk of the several sizes:
I thank my God, quoth the Midwife then,
I have buried three Husbands, all proper men;
I thank my God for't, though I say't that should not,
And should a forth come, I'le promise yee I would not
Refuse him with a lawful Wedding-ring:
Marriage is an honourable thing:
Wed then, and bed then, and make work for me,
And God will bless you the better, you shall see.
I speak merrily, Neighbours, —ha—ha—here's t'ye all,
'T is common you know, when such good jobs do fall.
By and by they single out a poor Woman,
That has the luck to have as good as no man;
But her they use most unmercifully,
Calling her Husband [illegible], and *Cully*,
Fumbler, and *Gelding*, why Neighbour, quo they,
You need not be at this pass, t[illegible]'s another way:
Troth, quo she, and I'le en t[illegible]ur good advice,
And then it will appear where t[illegible]lt lies.
Now after this discourse, and th[illegible] drank up,
They all depart to their homes to sup,
After that to bed, and 'tis a pound to a doight,
If their Husbands sleep for their Quail-pipes that night.
Others not so concern'd, walk in the fields, To be
To give their longing Wives what Cake-house yields; heard of
And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinances, men.

Is

Is all their chat, they ſeem in heavenly trances;
Thus they trim up their Souls with holy words,
Shaving off ſin as men ſhave off their Beards,
To grow the faſter; ſins, they cry, are fancies,
The Godly live above all Ordinances.
Now they'r at home, and have their Suppers eat,
When, *Thomas*, cries the Maſter, *come, repeat*;
And if the Windows gaze upon the ſtreet,
To ſing a Pſalm they hold it very meet.
But would you know what a proſperous zeal
They ſing their Hymns withall? then liſten well;
The Boy begins,

To the Tune of S. *Margarets* Chimes.

Go to therefore ye wicked men,
Depart from me [Thomas] *anon,*
For the [Yes Sir] *commandments will I keep*
Of God [pray remember to receive the 100 *l.* in *Gracious-Street* to morrow] *my Lord alone.*
As thou haſt promis'd to perform, [Mary. anon forſooth]
That death me not aſſail, [Pray remember to riſe betimes to morrow morning, you know you have a great many cloaths to ſoap]
Nor let my hope abuſe me ſo,
That through diſtruſt I quail.

Behold the zeal of the People.

But *Sunday*, now good night, and now good morrow
To thee O *Covenant Wedneſday*, full of ſorrow:
Alas! my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
She's up betimes, and gone to *Aldermanbury*;
Truly 'twas a ſad day, for every ſinner
Did feaſt at Supper then, and not at dinner;
Nor men nor women waſh their face to day;
Put on their cloaths, and piſs, and ſo away;
They throng to Church juſt as they ſell their ware,
In greaſie hats, and old gowns worn thread bare,
Where though the whole body ſuffer'd tedious pain,
No member yet had more cauſe to complain
Than the poor Noſe, when little to its eaſe,
A Chandlers Cloak perfum'd with Candle-greaſe,
Commixing ſents with a Sope-boylers breeches,

Did

Did raiſe a ſtink beyond the skill of Witches.
Now ſteams of Garlick whifling through the noſe,
Stank worſe than *Luther*'s Socks, or Foot-boys toes.
With theſe *Mundungos*, and a breath that ſmells
Like ſtanding pools in ſubterranean Cells,
With ſteams of many a private fizzle,
Compos'd Pomanders to out-ſtink the Devil.
Yet ſtrange to tell, they ſuffer'd all this evil;
Nor to make water all the while would riſe,
The women ſure had Spunges 'twixt their thighs:
To ſtir at this good time they thought was ſin,
So ſtrictly their devotion kept them in.
Now the Prieſt's elbows do the Cuſhion knead,
While to the people he his Text doth read;
Beloved, I ſhall here crave leave to ſpeak
A word he cries, and winks, unto the weak.
The words are theſe, *Make haſt and do not tarry,*
But unto Babylon *thy dinner carry;*
There doth young Daniel *want in the Den,*
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men.
Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down — Celeſtial Logick.
His hand, as if he'd catch the Clerk by the Crown,
Not to explain this precious Text amiſs,
Daniel's the *ſubject*, *Hunger* th' *object* is,
Which proves that *Daniel* was ſubject to hunger.
But that I may n't detain you any longer,
My Brethren dear prick up your ears, and put on
Your ſenſes all, while I the words unbutton. — *The Expoſition.*
[*Make haſt*, I ſay, *make haſt and do not tarry*,]
Why? my Beloved, theſe words great force do carry,
And 'tis a waundrous Emphatical ſpeech.
Some men, Beloved, as if they had Lead i'th' their breech,
Do walk, ſome creep like Snails, they 're ſo ſlow pac't:
Truly, my Brethren, theſe men do not make haſt.
But be ye quick, dear Siſters, be ye quick. — 1 *Uſe.*
And leaſt ye fall, take hope, hope's like a ſtick. — Not like an anchor.
[To *Babylon*] ah *Babylon!* that word's a weighty one. — *Babel* battered.
Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one,
Which as the learned *Rider* well records, — *Se-*

Semiramis did build with Brick and Bords:
Wicked *Semiramis*, accurſed Bitch!
My ſpirit is mightily provok'd againſt that wretch.
Luſtful *Semiramis*, for well I wiſt
Thou wert the Mother of proud Antichriſt.
Nay, like to *Levi* and *Simeon* from antiquity,
The Pope and thee were Sifters in iniquity.
Strumpet *Semiramis*, like her that was *non*,
For ſhe built *Babylon*, Ah! ſhe built *Babylon*.

2 *Uſe.* But, Brethren, be ye good as ſhe was evil;
Muſt ye needs go, becauſe ſhe's gone to the Devil?
Thy Dinner carry.] Here may we look upon
Brotherly compaſſion. A child of God in great affliction.
Why what does he ail? alas! he wanteth meat:
Now what (Beloved) was ſent him for to eat?
For it came by inſpiration. Truly a ſmall matter; only a diſh of pottage.
But pray what pottage? ſuch as a ſmall Cottage
Afforded only to the Country ſwains:
From whence I'me ſure, though none the place explains,
It was no Chriſtmas-diſh with Pruens made,
Nor White-broth, nor Capon-broth, nor ſweet Ponade:
Or Milk-porrage, or thick Peaſe-porrage either,
Nor was it Mutton-broth, nor Veal-broth neither,
Nor any Broth of noble taſt or ſcent,
Made by receipt of the Counteſs of *Kent*;
But ſure ſome homely ſtuff crumm'd with brown bread,
And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.
Truly this was but homely fare you'l ſay,
Would he have been ſo content? Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day.
And though there could be thought on nothing cheaper,
Yet fed as well on't, as he had been a Reaper.

3 *Uſe.* Better eat any thing than not at all.
Faſting, Beloved, why? 'tis prejudicial
To the weak Saints; Beloved, 'tis a ſin,
And thus to prove the ſame I here begin.
Reaſons. Hunger, Beloved, why? this hunger *mauls*,
Au! 'tis a great *Mauler*, it breaks Stone-walls:
Now my Beloved, to break Stone-walls you know,

Why

Why? 'tis flat Felony, and there's great woe
Follows that ſin; beſides, 'tis a great ſchiſm,
'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Pagan Judiſm.
Judiſm? why Beloved, have you e're been
Where the black Dog of *Newgate* you have ſeen?
Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichriſt,
He doth and hath the Brethren long entic't.
Claws like a Star-chamber Biſhop, black as Hell,
And doubtleſs he was one of thoſe that fell.
Judiſm I ſay, is uglier than this *cur*,
Though there were nothing could be uglier.
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men.]
Here *Daniel* is the Church, the *World*'s the Den.
By Lyons are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations,
Thoſe worſe than Heatheniſh abominations.
Truly dear friends, theſe Kings and Governours,
Theſe Biſhops too; nay, all ſuperiour powers,
Why they are Lyons, Locuſts, Whales; I Whales beloved,
Off go our Ears, if once their wrath be moved.
But woe unto you Kings! woe unto you Princes!
'Tis fifty and four, now Antichriſt, ſo ſays
My Book, muſt reign three days, and three half days;
Why that is three years and a half, Beloved:
Or elſe, as many precious men have proved,
One thouſand two hundred, and threeſcore days.
Why now the time's almoſt expir'd, time ſtays
For no man; Friends, then Antichriſt ſhall fall,
Then down with *Rome*, with *Babel*, down with all,
Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
With Cardinals, and the King of *Spain*'s great power;
They'l muſter up, but I can tell you where,
At *Armageddon*, there, Beloved, there;
Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, *halloo*, *halloo*,
Kill *Amaleck*, and *Turk*, kill *Gog*, and *Magog* too.
But who, dear friends, led *Daniel* thus forſaken,
Truly (but there's one ſleeps, a would do well to waken)
As 'tis in th' *Engliſh*, his name ends in *uck*,
And ſo his name is called *Habacuck*.

Deſcription of Anti-Chriſt.

A St. may ſpeak Bulls without contradiction.

His zeal made him forget his Rime.

And hey then up go we.

Well remembred.

The Doctrine of Generation.

But in th' original it ends in *ock*,
For that dear Sisters call him Have-a-Cock.
And truly I suppose I need not fear,
But that there are many Have-a-Cocks here:
The *Lund* increase the number of Have-a-Cocks;
Truly false Prophets will arise in Flocks;
But as a Farthing-Candle shut up quite
In a dark Lanthorn, never giveth light;
Even such are they. Ay, but my Brethren dear,
I'm no such Lanthorn, for my Horns are clear.
But I shall now conclude this glaurious truth
With an Exhortation to old men and youth.
Be sure to feed young *Daniel*, that's to say,
Feed all your Ministers that preach and pray.
First of all, 'cause 'tis good, I speak that know so,
And by experience find 'tis good to do so:
Fourthly, 'cause 'tis not evil; Thirdly and nextly,
As 'tis a duty impos'd, unless my Text lye.
Sixthly, for that y' are mov'd thereto; and Twelfthly,
'Cause there's nought better, unless I my self lye.
But now he smells the Pies begin to reak,
His teeth water, and he can no longer speak:
Only it will not be amiss to tell ye
Of a sad hubbub made by Womans belly;
Belly was full of Caudle and Devotion,
Which in her stomach rais'd a strong commotion:
For the hot vapours much did damnifie
Her that was wont to walk in *Finsbury*.
So though a while she was sustaind with Ginger,
Yet at the length a cruel pain did twinge her;
And like as Marble sweats before a show'r,
So did she sweat, and sweating forth did pour
Her mornings draught of Sugar Sops and Saffron,
Into her sighing neighbours Cambrick-apron.
At which, *ah Lund*, she cry'd full sad to see
The foul mishap, yet suffer'd patiently.
How do you, then she cry'd? I'm glad 'tis up:
Ah sick, sick, sick, Cries one, *Oh for a Cup*

For Ministers may be Cuckolds.

Use of Exhortation.

Motives.
1.
4.
3.
6.
12.

Hunger a great enemy to Gospel duty.

A Cropsick sister.

Of

Of my Mint-water that's at home.
One holds her head; quo she, *let's come, let's come.*
What man alas can ſtop the flowing Tide?
As pat as might be then the Parſon cry'd,
Yea like a ſtream ye ought to let it flow;
And then ſhe reach'd, and once more let it go.
Straight an old *Fuſtilugs* with a brace of chins,
A bunch of Keys, and a cuſhion for her pins,
Seeing in earneſt the good woman lack it,
Draws a Strong-water bottle from her Placket, A very great creature-comfort.
Well heated with her fleſh; ſhe takes a ſup,
Then gives the ſick, and bids her drink it up.
But all in vain, her eyes began to roul,
She ſighs, and all cry out, *alas poor ſoul!* A great cry, and a little wool.
One pinches then her cheek, one pulls her noſe,
Some bleſt the opportunity that were her foes,
And they reveng'd themſelves upon her face;
St. *Dunſtan's* Devil was ne're in ſuch a caſe.
Now Prieſt, ſay what thou wilt, for here's a chat
Begun of this great Emperick, and that
Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done.
I like not *Mayern*, he ſpeaks *French* ſays one;
Oh ſays another, though the man be big,
For my part, I know none like Dr. *Trig*.
Nay, hold you there, ſays t'other, on my life
There's none like *Chamberlain* the Man-midwife.
Then in a heap their own receipts they muſter,
To make this Gelly, how to make that Plaiſter;
Which when ſhe hears that now but fainting lay,
Up ſtarteth ſhe, and talks as faſt as they.
But they that did not mind this doleful paſſion,
Follow'd their buſineſs on another faſhion;
For all did write, the Elders and the Novice,
Me thought the Church look'd like the *Six-Clerks-Office.*
But *Sermon's* done, and all the folk as faſt
As they can trudge, to Supper now make haſt:
Down comes the Prieſt, when a grave Brother meets him,
And putting off his broad brimm'd hat, thus greets him:

A great sign of Grace.

Dear Sir, my Wife and I do you invite
O'th Creature with us to partake this night;
And now suppose what I prepare to tell ye,
The City-dame, whose faith is in the belly
Of her cramm'd Priest, had all her Cates in order,
That *Gracious-Street*, or *Cheapside* can afford her.

Bill of fare.

Lo first a Pudding! truly 't had more Reasons
Than forty Sermons shew at forty seasons.

For a city Supper.

Then a Sur-loyn came in, as hot as fire,
Yet not so hot as was the Priest's desire.
Next came a Shoulder of Mutton roasted raw,
To be as utterly abolisht as the Law.
The next in order was a Capon plump,
With an use of Consolation in his Rump.
Then came a Turkey cold, which in its life,
Had a fine Tail just like the Citizen's Wife.
But now by 'r leave and worship too, for hark ye,
Here comes the Venson put in paste by *Starkey*;
Which once set down there, at the little hole
Immediately in whips the Parson's soul.
He saw his Stomachs anchor, and believ'd
That now his belly should not be deceiv'd:
How he leans o're the Cheer toward his first Mover!
While his hot zeal doth make his mouth run over.
This Pastie had Brethren two, like to the Mayor,
Three Christmas or Minc'd Pyes, all very fair;
Me thought they had this Motto, *though they flirt us,*
And preach us down, Sub pondere crescit virtus.
Apple-tarts, Fools, and strong Cheese, to keep down
The steaming vapours from the Parson's crown.
Canary too, and Claret eke also,
Which made the tips of their Ears and Noses glow.
Up now they rise, and walk to their several Chairs,
When lo, the Priest uncovers both his Ears.

Grace before meat.

Most gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,
Thou said'st that we should eat before the Fall;
Then was the world but simple, for they knew
Not either how to bake, or how to brew.

But

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But happily we fell, and then the Vine
Did *Noah* plant, and all the Prieſts drank Wine.
Truly we cannot but rejoyce to ſee
Thy Gifts diſpenc'd with ſuch equality.
To us th' haſt given wide throats, and teeth to eat;
To the women knowledge how to dreſs our meat.
We are thy Sheep, O let us feed, feed on,
'Till we come as fat as any Brawn.
Then let's fall too, and eat up all the cheer;
Straight *So be it* he cryes, and calls for Beer.
Now then, like *Scanderbeg*, he falls to work, Much
And hews the Pudding, as he hew'd the *Turk*: good may
How he plough'd up the Beef like Forreſt-land, do you
And fum'd becauſe the bones his wrath withſtand. Sir.
Upon the Mutton he fell like Wolf or Maſty,
Still hewing out his way unto the Paſty.
At firſt a Siſter helpt him, but this Elf Sir,
Wearying her out, ſhe cries, *Pray help your ſelf Sir.*
Upon the Paſty though he fell anon,
As if't had been the Walls of *Babylon*,
Like a Cathedral, down he throws that Stuff,
Why Siſters, ſaid he, *I am Pepper proof.*
Then down he pours the Claret, and down again,
And *would the* French *King were a Puritan*,
He cries: ſwills up the Sack, and I'le be ſworn, Chriſtian
Quoth he, *Spains King is not the Pope's tenth horn.* Forgive-
By this his tearing hunger doth abate, neſs.
And on the ſecond courſe they 'gan to prate.
Then quoth *Priſcilla*, O my brother dear, No Grace
Truly y'are welcome to this homely chear, after
And therefore eat, good Brother eat your fill, meat.
Alas for *Daniel* my heart aketh ſtill.
Then, quoth the Prieſt, *Siſter, be of good heart*;
But ſhe reply'd, *good Brother eat ſome Tart.*

Rebecca

Rebecca then, a member of the 'lection,
Began to talk of Brotherly affection;
For this, ſaid ſhe, as I have heard the wiſe
Diſcourſe, conſiſteth much in exerciſe;
Yet I was fooliſh once, and did reſiſt;
And but that a Brother dear would not deſiſt,
Carried forth by a ſtrong *believing pow'r*,
That I would yield at length, even to this hour
I had in darkneſs liv'd, and had not known
What joys the Lord revealeth to his *own*.
Then ſaid the Prieſt, there is a time for all things,
There is a time for great things, and for ſmall things:
There's a time to eat, and drink, and reformation,
A time to empty, and for procreation;
Therefore, dear Siſter, we may take our time,
There's Reaſon for't, I never car'd for Rhyme.
Do not the wicked Heathen ſpeak and ſay,
Gather your Flow'rs and Roſebuds while you may?
Ah deareſt Brother now with heavy ſmart,
Anſwer'd another, ye have broke my heart:
What? ſhall the wicked Heathen be ſo quick,
In heav'nly matters, and we thus to ſeek?
Oh no, and therefore, *Land*, voutſafe in mercy
To ſhew me things by practice, not by hear-ſay.
And truly, Brother, there's no man can prove
That I was e're ingrateful for his love;
Nothing beyond ingratitude.
But ſometimes Angels did attend his Purſe,
At other times I did him duly nurſe
With many a ſecret diſh of luſty meat,
Which did provoke to act, as well as eat.
Truly, quoth *Dorcas* then, I ſaw a Viſion,
That we ſhould have our foes in great deriſion.
Quoth *Martha* ſtraight, me thought I went a Maying,
And the word o'th *Land* came to me, ſaying;
Martha put off thy cloaths, for time is come,
That men may *Trap-ſtick* ſhew, and women *Bum*;
And that the race of them that do *profeſs*,
Shall only need be cloath'd with Righteouſneſs.

'Tis

'Tis true, dear Sister, there are some that now
Are come to this perfection, and I trow
We may in time grow up to be as they,
Grant us, *ah Land*, that we may see that day;
Let's i'th mean time at home and eke abroad,
Uncloath and unbrace our selves before the *Land*,
On all occasions that time shall yield,
That our dear Sisters dream may be fulfill'd.
Why? did not *Jacob* dream, and so it was;
And *Pharaoh* dreamt, and so it came to pass?
Then *Dorcas* cry'd, reach me the Cheese up hither;
Sister, quoth she, give this unto our Brother,
'Tis very good, if well wash'd down with Sack;
His wasted spirits much refreshing lack.
Recruited thus, all this good chear, quoth he,
Is but an Emblem of Mortality.
The Oxe is strong, and glories in his strength, Deep Divinity.
Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
We eat him up. A Turkey's very gay,
Like worldly people clad in fine array,
Yet on the Spit it looks most piteous,
And we devour it, as the Worms eat us.
Then full of sawce and zeal up steps *Elnathan*,
[This was his name now, once he had another,
Until the Ducking-pond made him a Brother]
A Deacon, and a Buffeter of Satham:
Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother dear, A man may love his Brother.
Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here;
Nay, he would gladly pick your pockets too
Of a small Twopence, or a Groat, or so,
The sorry remnants of a broken Shilling.
Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling;
As for my self, 'tis more than I do need,
To be charitable both in word and deed;
For as to us the holy Scriptures say,
The Deacons must receive, the Lay men pay. but
Why? Heathen folks that do in Taverns stray,
Will never let their friends the reckoning pay;

And

And therefore pour your charity into the Baſon,
Brethren and Siſters eke, your Coats have lace on.
Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you care
For Sixpence? we'll next morn enhance our Ware,
Your Sixpence comes again, nay, there comes more;
Thus Charity's the increaſer of your ſtore.
Truly well ſpoke, then cry'd the Maſter-feaſter,
Since you ſay ſo, I freely give my Teſter.
But for the women, they gave more liberally,
For they were ſure to whom they gave, and why.
Where note, that ſpiritual joy makes a Saint blink.
Then did *Elnathan* blink, for he knew well
What he might give, and what he might conceal.
But now the Parſon could no longer ſtay,
'Tis time to kiſs, he cries, and ſo away.
At which the Siſters, once th' alarum taken,
Made ſuch a din, as would have ſerv'd to waken
A ſnoring Brother, when he ſleeps at Church.
With bag and baggage then they 'gan to march;
And tickled with the thoughts of their delight,
One Siſter to the other bids good night.
Good night, quoth *Dorcas* to *Priſcilla*; ſhe,
Good night, dear Siſter *Dorcas* unto thee.
In theſe goodly *good nights* much time was ſpent,
And was it not a holy complement?
Chriſtian Liberty.
At length in ſteps the Parſon, on his breaſt
Laying his hand, a happy night of reſt
Refreſh thy labours, Siſter; yet e're we part,
Feel in my lips the paſſion of my heart.
To another ſtraight he turn'd his face, and kiſt her,
And then he cries, *All peace be with thee, Siſter.*
Ne're a prophane kiſs among all theſe.
Next her that made the Feaſt he kiſſes harder,
And in a Godly tone, cries, *God reward her:*
And having done, he whiſpers in her ear,
The time when it ſhould be, and the place where.
Thus they all part, and for that night the Prieſt
Hugs his own Wife, as good as ever kiſt.
This ſeem'd a Golden time, the fall of ſin;
You'd think the thouſand years did now begin,

When

When Satan chain'd below ſhould ceaſe to roar,
Nor durſt the wicked as they wont before
Come to the Church for paſtime, nor durſt laugh
To hear the non-pluſt Doctor fain a cough.
The Devil himſelf, alas! now durſt not ſtand
Within the ſwitching of the Sexton's wand;
For ſo a while the Prieſts did him purſue,
That he was fain to keep the Sabbath too;
Leſt being taken in the Elders Trap,
He ſhould have paid his Crown, or loſt his Cap;
Then leſt he ſhould like a deceiver come
'Twixt the two Sundays *interſtitium*,
They ſtuft up Lecturers with texts and ſtraw,
On working-days to keep the Devil in awe:
But ſtrange to think, for all this ſolemn meekneſs,
At length the Devil appeared in his likeneſs,
While theſe deceits did but ſupply the wants
Of broken unthrifts, and of thread-bare Saints.
Oh what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Play with that fear, with that religious awe
Which keeps men free, and yet is man's great Law.
What can they but the worſt of Atheiſts be,
Who while they word it 'gainſt impiety,
Affront the Throne of God with impious deeds?
'Tis this that wonder in the Atheiſt breeds.
Are theſe the men that would the Age reform,
That down with Superſtition cry, and ſwarm
This painted Glaſs, that Sculpture to deface,
Yet worſhip Pride and Av'rice in their place?
Religion they bawl out, yet know not what
Religion is, unleſs it be to *prate*.
Meekneſs they preach, but ſtudy to controle;
Money they'd have, when they cry out, *your ſoul*.
And angry, will not have *Our Father* ſaid,
'Cauſe it prays not enough for *daily bread*.
They meet in private, and cry *Perſecution*,
When faction is their end, and State-confuſion.

 Theſe

These are the men that plague and over-run
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* all Religion;
Every *Mechanick* either wanting stock,
Or wit to keep his Trade must have a Flock.
The Spirit, cries he, *moveth me unto it*,
And what the Spirit bids, must I not do it?
But having profited more than his Flock by teaching,
And stept into Authority by Preaching;
For a Lay-office, leaves the Spirits motion,
And straight retreateth from his first Devotion.
But this he does in want, give him Preferment,
Off goes his Gown, God's cause is no determent.
Vain foolish people, how are you deceiv'd?
How many several sorts have ye receiv'd
Of things call'd Truths, upon your backs laid on
Like Saddles for themselves to ride upon?
They rid amain, and Hell and *Satan* drove,
While every Priest for his own profit strove.
Can they the Age thus torture with their lyes,
Low'd bellowing to the world Impieties
Black as their Coats, and such a silent fear
Lock up the lips of men, and charm the ear?
Had that same Holy Israelite been dumb,
That fatal day of old had never come
To *Baal*'s Tribe! Oh thrice unhappy Age!
While zeal and piety lye mask'd in rage,
And vulgar ignorance! How we do wonder,
Once hearing that the Heavens were forc'd to thunder
Against assailing Gyants! surely men,
Men thought could not presume such violence then:
But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
Behold a bolder sort of mortals here!
Those undermining shifts of knavish folly,
Using alike to God and men; most holy
Infidels, who now seem to have found out
A subtler way to bring their ends about
Against the Deity, than openly to fight,
By smooth insinuation and by slight:

They

They close with God, seem to obey his Laws,
They cry aloud for him, and for his cause;
But while they do their strict injunctions preach,
Deny in actions what their words do teach.
O what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent with Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Yet if they can no better teach than thus,
Would they would only teach themselves, not us:
So while they still on empty outsides dwell,
They may perhaps be choakt with Husk and Shell;
While those who can their follies well refute,
By a true knowledge do obtain the Fruit.

FINIS.